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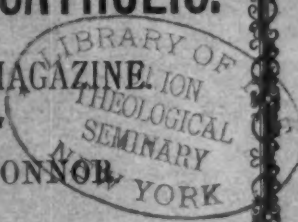
THE
CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

FATHER O'CONNOR,

NEW YORK



I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Mary, suffered Pilate, was crucified; the third day the dead; he heaven, and sitteth of God the Father thence he shall quick and the the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen.



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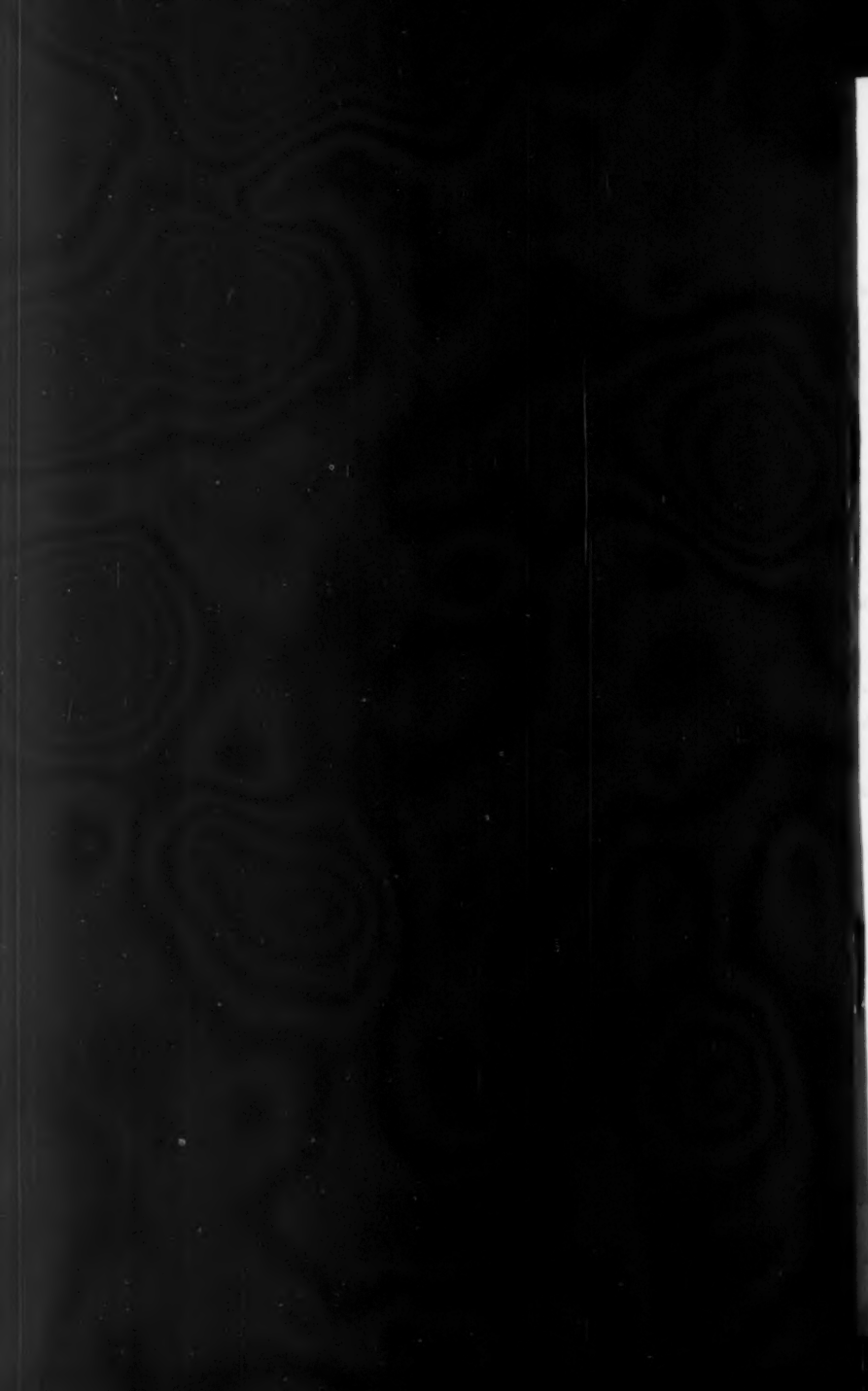
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The price of the CONVERTED CATHOLIC is so low that each copy can be used as a tract for distribution. The "Life of Luther" in this number could not be issued by any publisher for less than five cents, yet we present with it one of Father O'Connor's Letters to Roman Catholics, and two chapters of our interesting serial, "Confessions of a Catholic Priest." It shall be our aim to lay before our readers only such matter as may be read more than once with interest and profit. We desire especially to reach Roman Catholics and converted Catholics. In such a missionary work we need the co-operation of Christians who are zealous of the spread of the Gospel, and who know by their own spiritual experience, how necessary it is that the way of salvation should be made free from all barriers set up by ungodly men. Many of our readers know how grateful converted Catholics are to those who have been helpful to them in coming to the light. Let no one hesitate to talk to Roman Catholics about the Gospel way of salvation. Even the most ignorant of them reverence the name of Jesus. Tell them of Jesus and His love. For enlightenment on their own peculiar doctrines ask them to read "FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL McCLOSKEY," the *Fourth Edition* of which is now ready, making a volume of 300 pages. Price 25 cents.

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The Converted Catholic.

DECEMBER 1883.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE CELEBRATION of the Four Hundredth Anniversary of Luther's Birth throughout Christendom, has done incalculable good. It is one of the greatest events in history. All Christians united their voices in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for what His servant, Martin Luther, the converted Catholic priest, accomplished. The admirable "Life of Luther" by Rev. Dr. Wise, in this number of our journal will commend itself to our readers. We are indebted for it to the courtesy of the Methodist Book Concern, Phillips & Hunt, Publishers, 805 Broadway, in whose "Home College Series" it appears.

WHILE THE Christian world has been commemorating the Luther festival, the Pope's adherents have been making faces at him. Nothing could be said against his doctrines without attacking the Word of God on which they were founded; but "he was a bad man." That is their cry. Ask any Roman Catholic who Luther was, and the answer will be: "He was a priest who opposed the Pope, married a nun, and started the Reformation." Yes, he did all that and

God blessed him for it, as He did for unchaining the Bible and leading mankind to a knowledge of justification by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

DURING THE months of October and November, sermons on Luther were preached in the Reformed Catholic Church. Wish we could print them. If our kind readers echo this, let them help to roll up our subscription list, by earnestly pressing on the attention of their friends the importance of the good work we are doing in this movement. In honor of Luther we increase this number to 40 pages. The subscription price is only 50 cents a year. Note the change in the office of publication, as we have secured better accommodation in the Bible House. Address all communications to James A. O'Connor, No. 60 Bible House, New York.

OUR SERVICES continue to be attended by large audiences, in which the Roman Catholic element predominates. How soon they will be converted only the Searcher of hearts knows. But the Gospel seed has been sown among them and they can never again be the blind followers of Romish superstitions that they have been. Among those whom we gathered in during the past month was a good-hearted Irish-woman, who knelt in the aisle the first time she entered, and after blessing herself by making the sign of the cross commenced to pray to the Virgin Mary with all her might. She was courteously offered a seat and a hymn-book, and has been a regular attendant at every service. Now she prays to Jesus only and looks to Him alone for her salvation.

DR. JOHN HALL ON IRELAND.

The Rev. Dr. John Hall, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, is one of the foremost preachers of our time, and the most distinguished Irishman living. In his sermons he makes occasional reference to his native land, and always with the tender love of a son for a mother.

In his sermon of November 11 he said, "The Popes of Rome had an almost absolute power over kings and rulers of Christian nations in the twelfth century. They entered into an unholy alliance with kings to put down those opposed to the Papacy. The meanness, the trickery, the low devices that we see in our lower political life, were exercised at that time. But one feels some satisfaction at the thought that there were some regions not reached by this Italian corporation, where there was a simple faith in Jesus Christ. I may be pardoned for dwelling on the history of my native land in this regard. For many years I preached on the very spot whence had gone out men to carry the light of the Gospel over Europe. Not till after the twelfth century had Ireland come under the power of the Papacy. There is no doubt of the fact that Ireland did come under the Papal sway through the gift of an English sovereign. If the land had been under the sway of the Pontiffs, then why did the Pope make that bargain with an English Monarch? If Roman Catholic Irishmen are bitterly discontented with the sway of Great Britain over Ireland, let them remember it had its origin in the authority which they count infallible."

LETTERS TO ROMAN CATHOLICS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Every Sunday I preach to a large congregation of Roman Catholics, converted Catholics, and Protestants in this city; and as I have been doing the same for more than four years, their continual attendance is good evidence that what I say benefits them. If I did not preach something that would help them to be better men and women in their every-day life, and that holds out to them the hope of a life of eternal happiness with God hereafter, they would not come to hear me. Now it seems to me that if a way should open by which I could reach thousands of my brethren instead of hundreds, I ought to use it for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Such an opening presents itself in this journal, and I shall use a few pages of it every month, not to preach formal sermons but to give the substance of what I preach. That is the sole object I have in view in these letters to you, my Catholic brethren, and I ask you to read them with as much candor and honesty as I hope to exercise, by God's grace, in writing them.

Before you read a line of what I write you will ask who I am—"who is O'Connor?" Well, to begin with, I am a full-blooded Irishman by birth and early training, and an American by citizenship for the last fifteen years. Of course any one of my name could scarcely be anything else in religion than a Roman Catholic; and such was my faith and that of

my fathers. Some members of the collateral branch of our family became Protestants, such as one Parson Connors, of whom I often heard my father speak, and another relative, Parson Loughnane, who had been educated for the priesthood in Maynooth College, Ireland, but left it a few days before ordination and entered Trinity College, Dublin. He became rector of an English church in Bath, where he still ministers if living. His brother, who was a famous physician in Listowel, County Kerry, married a Protestant lady, and was looked upon as half a Protestant himself. But the number of my relatives who renounced the Pope's church were so few they are scarcely worth counting. On both sides of our family there were many relatives priests and nuns. It was, therefore, in the regular course of events, that some of us children should be destined for the altar and cloister. When I was ten years old my parents told me it was their wish that I should become a priest. The first step was to take me to my mother's uncle, Father Bartholomew O'Connor, parish priest of Milltown, one of the leading clergymen in the diocese. After I had passed his scrutiny, he gave me his blessing and recommended the classical school of Mr. Edward Lee, Listowel, for my initiation into the mysteries of Latin and Greek. At that school I had as classmates two relatives named Fitzmaurice, whose two brothers were also priests, and a namesake, Daniel O'Connor, another relative, all of whom are now Roman Catholic priests in Philadelphia.

From Mr. Lee's school my parents sent me to the diocesan seminary in Killarney, where I completed

my studies in the classics. No one ever visited the beautiful lakes of Killarney without falling in love with their enchanting scenery. The very name is associated with my greatest earthly happiness. If this were the place to do it, I would like to tell you about Killarney and a little girl who used to live there when I went to school. I was only sixteen years old and she but nine, and our friendship, though commenced thus early, has not yet ceased, and will not, by God's grace, while life shall last. Her father was the architect and builder of most of the Roman Catholic churches in that diocese, and thus was brought into daily contact with the bishop and priests. Her mother was my mother's first cousin, and was also a niece of old Father Bartholomew O'Connor. After many years I met this little girl again—now grown into a young lady—and when I left the Roman Catholic Church I asked her to have pity on my forlorn condition, which she did by becoming my wife. Our relatives were shocked at the very thought of a priest getting married without asking the Pope's permission or praying for a dispensation to marry his cousin; but they are becoming reconciled to the fact that in spite of the Pope we are married, and God has blessed our union with a fine boy, named George Washington O'Connor, now four years old, and a beautiful baby girl who has just entered on her fourth month. If I add that my wife's aunt is a nun in the convent in Milltown, and that one of my nephews is a Roman Catholic priest, it will be seen that our family is of the straitest sect of the followers of the Church of Rome.

From Killarney's Seminary of St. Brendan, I went to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, where nearly all the distinguished ecclesiastics of France have been educated.

After a long visit to my parents I came to America, completed my special studies for the priesthood in the German Seminary of St. Francis, Milwaukee, where I received the minor orders, and St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where I was ordained sub-deacon and deacon in June, 1870. A few months later I was ordained a Roman Catholic priest in Chicago, and continued a priest of that diocese until I left the Church of Rome in the spring of 1878. Why I left that church will appear in subsequent letters. For the present, not to make this first letter too long, I will only say that I found its doctrines contrary to the Scriptures, and that I could never find in all its ceremonies and sacraments the assurance that my sins were forgiven, though I regularly went to confession to my brother priests.

The foregoing personal statement is necessary in view of the fact that Roman Catholics generally say when my name is mentioned, "Oh, he never was a priest." I have proved by names and dates that I was a priest; and because I was one, and the Roman Catholic people were very kind to me, and I love them dearly, I have devoted my life to teaching them a better and a surer way of salvation than I knew myself or could preach to them while I was a priest.

J. A. O'C.

*Written by Request for the 400th Anniversary of
Luther's Birth.*

MARTIN LUTHER! deathless name, noblest on the scroll of fame,
Solitary Monk—that shook all the world by God's own Book;
Anti-Christ's Davidian foe, strong to lay Goliath low,
Thee, in thy four-hundredth year, gladly we remember here.

How, without thy forceful mind, now had fared all human kind—
Curs'd and scorch'd and chain'd by Rome, in each heart of hearth and home?
But for thee, and thy grand hour, German light and British power,
With Columbia's faith and hope, all were crushed beneath the Pope!

God be thank'd for this bright morn, when Eisleben's babe was born!
For the pious peasant's son Liberty's great fight hath won—
When at Wittenberg he stood all alone for God and good,
And his Bible flew unfurl'd, flag of Freedom to the world!

Guildford, England, August 1883.

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

MARTIN LUTHER.

BY REV. DANIEL WISE, D.D.

MARTIN LUTHER, the great Reformer, whose words shook the world, was born in the quaint old town of Eisleben in Saxony, on St. Martin's eve, November 10, 1483. His father, John Luther, was a peasant; his mother, Margaret Lindemann, was a servant at the baths of Mora before her marriage. Hoping to rise higher than the hard lot of peasants, the married pair removed, first to Eisleben, and afterward to Mansfeldt. At this latter place the young husband wrought in the mines as a laborer until, by dint of

economy and industry, he was able to start smelting furnaces of his own. Hence the future Reformer was born into a home of poverty, and was from his earliest days inured to many hardships.

There was, however, a bright side to his child life. His parents feared God, and sought to guide their children into right paths. But even this sunny side of little Luther's life was sadly shaded by the sternness of his home discipline. "My parents treated me harshly," said he, "so that I became very timid. My mother one day chastised me so severely about a nut that the blood came." These are Luther's own words. They show that these stern but mistaken parents were so desirous of keeping their boy from evil, that they trusted too much to the rod of chastisement, and too little to the general persuasion of love. Poor little Luther! The austere spirit and teaching of his parents caused him to tremble even at the name of Jesus, who is the embodiment of love and gentleness.

The age was rude and ungentle, and this bright boy was whipped more mercilessly at school than at home. He speaks of being punished no less than fifteen times in one day by his teacher. Perhaps he was too sprightly and restive to quietly submit to school discipline. Nevertheless, he gave such attention to his books as to win the reputation of being one of the brightest boys of his age in the school.

The high intellectual promise of young Martin determined his aspiring father, who was himself a reader of many books, to send him to a school in which he could be fitted for a university. Accordingly, when fourteen years old, we find him a poor

student, first at Magdeburg, and then at Eisenach, In both places he had to sing street songs to obtain bread; but finding it very hard to subsist at the former town, he went, by his father's direction, to the latter. Here, clad in the coarse garments of a peasant, and wearing big shoes, he sang from door to door, "a beggar of crumbs." It was a hard way to subsist. But one day when he was greatly discouraged by many repulses, the good Frau Ursula Cotta, the wife of a burgomaster, who had noticed his noble features, piercing eyes, sweet voice, and devout manner at church, hearing him sing at her door, called him in, gave him food, money, and finally a home, in which she acted a mother's part to the poverty-stricken lad. By her timely and generous aid Martin was enabled to continue at school, and thereby to gain that mental preparation for his future career, without which he could never have achieved the great work which made his name immortal. Noble dame Ursula! Little did she dream that her charity to a poor student lad was destined to produce spiritual fruits on which myriads would feast until the end of time.

Martin was no idle student, but a hard delver after knowledge. Hence his mind grew apace; he won the highest honors of his class; he prepared himself to enter the university at Erfurth when in his eighteenth year. Here, also, his scholastic zeal and the originality of his mind soon caused "the whole university to admire his genius." Nor did he win admiration only, but his genial qualities, his sportive disposition, his humility, and his purity of character commanded the love of many among both his fellow-students and his instructors.

Two years of diligent study gained him his Bachelor's degree. The year, 1502, in which he won this scholastic honor also marks his introduction to the mighty weapon with which he subsequently gave the papacy its deadly wound. He found it in the library of the university where he was wont to spend most of his hours not required for direct academic studies. Accidentally searching among some dust-covered tomes, he opened one which proved to be a Latin Bible, the first copy of Holy Scripture he had ever seen. It interested him profoundly, and he rejoiced over its contents as one who finds great spoil.

But the young student's devotion to his studies was too severe for even his robust frame. He fell sick, grew nervous, despondent, despairing of life. Encouraged by an aged priest, who prophetically said to him, "Courage, my son, God has a great destiny in store for you," he recovered his health and resumed his studies. A few months later he accidentally cut one of his arteries with his sword, and nearly bled to death. Saved from this peril, he again gave himself to the studies he loved so well, and in 1505, when only twenty-three years old, received from his university the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

Up to this time this successful student had intended to study law, agreeable to the wishes of his father, who had now become a man of mark in Mansfeldt. The law was an honorable profession, but the Head of the Church had other and a still more honorable work provided for this truly great man; for which, however, he was not as yet fully prepared.

The miner of Mansfeldt had deeply impressed his son's mind with scriptural ideas of the heinousness of sin, and of his duty to obey God, especially by acts of devout worship. But not having correct conceptions himself of God's method of saving men by grace through faith, he could not impart them to his noble boy. The religion of the university dons was also formal, after the Romish pattern. Hence our young Doctor of Philosophy, though conscientious, moral, and devout, was not a spiritual Christian, and consequently not a happy man.

But his susceptible conscience was now quickened into almost morbid activity by the assassination of his dearest university friend, Alexis. "What would become of me if I too were called away without warning?" he asked himself. While terrified by the answer his heart gave to this solemn inquiry, he was himself nearly killed by a stroke of lightning. Then the fear of hell seized him. "How can I escape the punishment of my sins?" cried he. Not knowing that Christ was waiting, yea, anxious, to save him, he thought that his only way of escape was by leading such a holy life as was possible, he ignorantly thought, nowhere but in a monastery. It was a sad mistake, but he did not know it. Papist teaching had blinded his eyes. Nevertheless, being thoroughly sincere, he acted nobly when, shortly after, he gave his university friends a supper, told them of his newly-formed purpose, and then, in spite of their protests, bade them farewell, quitted his academic home, trudged alone through the darkness to the gates of the Augustinian convent, asked of the monks admission to their order, and was admitted to

one of its cells. Little did those unwary monks imagine on that eventful night that the man whom they were proud to take into their order, because of his high scholastic reputation, was God's chosen instrument to give their corrupt church a wound that could never be healed.

When Luther took his monastic vow and donned the cowl of a monk, he threw all the energy of his soul into the duties of his new profession. He sought the holiness for which his heart hungered, in prayers, in fasting, in ascetic self-denial, and in humble obedience to the superior of his convent. Despising his literary attainments, yet envious of his great reputation, the ignorant monks subjected him during the first part of his novitiate to such humiliating requirements as begging for the convent in the streets, cleaning their cells, acting as a porter, and doing all kinds of servile work. To all this he meekly submitted, hoping thereby to find rest for his tortured conscience. "I tortured myself almost to death," said he, "in order to find peace; but, surrounded with thick darkness, I found peace nowhere. . . . Then, bowed down by sorrow, I tortured myself by the multitudes of my thoughts. Look! exclaimed I, thou art still envious, impatient, passionate! It profiteth thee nothing, O wretched man, to have entered the sacred order."

Though he soon discovered that monastic holiness was but an idle dream, he still persevered in rigidly adhering to his conventual obligations. No doubt his spiritual aspirations were kept alive by his diligent study of God's Word. The copy of the Bible he had seen in the university led him, on entering

the convent, to ask the monks for a Bible. "The brethren gave him one," he wrote. "It was bound in *red morocco*. I made myself so familiar with it that I knew on what page every passage stood." But the veil of false conceptions concerning the way of righteousness obscured his intellectual vision, so that, though he was filling his mind with God's Word, he did not as yet discover the path to the cross. Like Saul, after his awakening on the plain of Damascus, he needed a living, spiritual guide. God, whose chosen instrument of the coming Reformation he was, had provided for this need in the person of John von Staupitz, vicar-general of the Augustinian Order, who had, after much mental agony, groped his own way to the peace-giving cross of his Lord.

Before Luther's novitiate had expired, this good but timid man, while on an official visit to the convent, noticed a "young man of middle height, who, in study, fasting, and prolonged vigils, had so wasted away that all his bones might be counted. His eyes, compared in after years to a falcon's, were sunken; his manner was dejected; his countenance betrayed an agitated mind, but yet strong and resolute. His whole appearance was grave, melancholy, and solemn." This was the monk, Martin Luther. Staupitz, a close observer of men, was at once drawn toward him by strong spiritual sympathy. He conversed with him affectionately, won his confidence, drew from him the painful story of his mental agonies, and in the silence of a convent cell explained to him the way of peace. "Why," said he, "do you torment yourself with all these speculations? Look

at the wounds of Jesus, to the blood he has shed for you; it is there that the grace of God will appear to you. Instead of torturing yourself on account of your sins, throw yourself into the Redeemer's arms. Do not shrink back; God is not angry with you, it is you who are angry with God."

The words of Staupitz greatly encouraged Luther, and led him to search the Scriptures as with unveiled eyes. When thus prepared for the supreme act of justifying faith, an aged monk entered his cell one day and spoke to him of the forgiveness of sins, and of his duty to trust in Christ for the present forgiveness of his own sins. Then the light of God's love shone on Luther's heart. Christ had given him the rest of faith. For a time his old doubts troubled him; but soon his faith, nurtured by the Word, grew strong. His health was restored. He resumed his studies. He was ordained priest in 1507, and a year later, through the advice of his friend Staupitz, he was appointed to a professor's chair in the University of Wittenberg by the Elector Frederick of Saxony. He accepted this important trust with pleasure because it suited his scholarly tastes little dreaming, however, that he was entering a field in which he was destined to fight a terrible battle with the mightiest force then existing in Christendom.

But he was not even yet fully fitted for the great work of his life. True, his preaching in Wittenberg was eloquent, evangelical, earnest, unlike any other preaching of the times, especially in its outspoken declarations that salvation is by faith. It offended many of the champions of Rome, while it charmed

the masses who flocked to hear him. But neither the preacher nor his admirers had yet discovered that the general acceptance of its principal doctrine would overthrow the power of Rome over the consciences of its adherents. To learn this vital truth it seemed needful that Luther should see Romanism in the great city which was the seat of its authority. He was sent thither as the envoy of his monastery, expecting to find it a holy place. He joined in its grand ceremonials; he mingled with its monks, priests, and prelates. He observed the conduct of its population. The prejudices of his education even led him to begin the ascent of Pilate's staircase on his knees, that he might obtain an indulgence from the Pope. This last act was so hostile to the spirit of his new-born faith that his renewed heart thundered, "The just shall live by faith." He had felt the power of this sweet truth before. He felt it now. Then he abandoned the staircase, and quitted Rome, convinced that she was hopelessly engulfed in her own corruptions. His biblical studies while in Rome clarified his opinions, and he went back to Wittenberg, resolutely determined to preach more distinctly than before the mighty truth that "faith alone without works justifies before God."

In 1512, through the influence of Staupitz and the Elector Frederick, he was made a Doctor of Divinity. In accepting this distinction he took the usual formal oath, "I swear to defend the evangelical truth with all my might." But to him it was more than formal. Interpreting it broadly, he felt that it bound him to faithfully investigate, teach, and defend the truth of God to the limit of his ability and opportunity.

It moved him to censure the prevailing frivolous preaching of the priests, and, after a time to condemn the folly of seeking help from dead saints. Thus, without intending to be a Reformer, his growing faith led him to almost unconsciously begin the great work to which he was providentially called. "I deserve only to be hid in a corner," he said, "without being known to any one under the sun."

But his zeal for truth proved stronger than his modesty when the infamous Friar John Tetzel appeared in the neighborhood of Wittenberg, armed with the authority of a papal bull, to sell pardons of past sins, of sins future, and of sins intended. He also offered to open the gates of purgatory, and assured his hearers that the souls of their dead friends should ascend from its fires in the very moment their florins or ducats, paid for that purpose, rattled in his money chest.

These blasphemous pretensions filled Luther's righteous soul with holy indignation. He knew that the Pope, the dignitaries of the Church, and many of the secular priests favored Tetzel, though he thought that the Pope would not sanction much that Tetzel said and did. Nevertheless, he said to Staupitz one day, "I will declaim against this profane error, write against it, do all in my power to destroy it."

Staupitz, whose courage was not as daring as Luther's, listened to these bold words with amazement, not unmixed with anger. He replied: "What, would you write against the Pope? What are you about? Your head will fall for it, and you will follow the hundred others who have opposed these methods! I pray you desist."

"Suppose they must needs permit it," bravely rejoined the fearless professor. And then, in the bright blaze of the noontide sun, on the thirty-first day of October, 1517, he walked to the gates of the parish church in Wittenberg, and nailed a paper upon them containing ninety-five propositions on the subject of indulgences. These he proposed to defend against all comers in a public disputation.

These propositions threw, first Wittenberg, and next all Germany, into a blaze of excitement. Copies were made and carried away by the people, and circulated with marvellous rapidity. At first many thoughtful men applauded them; but when the Dominican monks, excited by Tetzel and many Church dignitaries, fiercely condemned the theses as heresies, those plaudits died almost into silence. Then Luther, seeing himself left to face the storm almost alone, began to question the wisdom of his brave act, and sunk into despondency. But when Tetzel burned his theses in the environs of Frankfort, and the enraged Dominicans denounced him as a heretic deserving death, he turned to the Word of God and to the throne of heavenly grace, and recovered his courage. He replied to Tetzel's frothy harangues, and when he heard that Rome itself gave signs of proceedings against him he defended his propositions in sermons, in lectures, in public discussions at Heidelberg, and in his correspondence with Staupitz, Spalatin, and other noted men. This sublime courage was contagious. Some of the strongest intellects in Germany, convinced that he was right, and filled with admiration of his sublime heroism, caught a measure of his fearlessness, and resolved to stand by

him in the unequal contest into which he had so conscientiously thrust himself.

But though Pope Leo X. was at first inclined to regard Luther's opinions and conduct with jocose indifference, his advisers, persisting in their charges of heresy, succeeded in moving him to issue a brief, condemning him as a heretic, and requiring his presence in Rome to be tried. Luther's friends, who by this time had become numerous and included some powerful noblemen and princes, knew that his appearance in Rome would certainly end in his martyrdom. Hence they prevailed on the Elector Frederick to ask the Pope to permit the examination to take place at Augsburg instead of Rome. Leo, anxious to secure the elector's friendship, consented, and Luther, though strongly urged by Staupitz and others to hide himself from his enemies, bravely made the journey, at the peril of his life, and presented himself before De Vio, the cardinal legate authorized to examine him.

De Vio demanded the retraction of his alleged heresies. Luther replied that, if convinced by the Word of God that his opinions were erroneous, he would gladly do so. The legate declined making such an attempt. "Retract, retract!" was the burden of his rejoinders during the three interviews he held with this unconquerable monk. Luther then proposed to defend his doctrines in writing. At last, after remaining in Augsburg ten days, and failing to obtain any reply to his communications, he sent De Vio a written farewell, and, acting under the advice of his friends, took his departure in the night, and returned to Wittenberg. De Vio was enraged; and

all men wondered that, after placing himself within reach of the papal arm, the Reformer had escaped, not only unharmed, but with a greatly enhanced reputation for courage and ability.

The spread of the truth, both among the German people and princes, was wonderful. Political reasons also influenced many of the latter. The arrogant tyranny of the papacy over men's thoughts and its dictation in affairs of state had prepared them to sympathize with the heroic preacher whose defiant voice had gone ringing from his professor's chair to the inmost chamber of the Vatican. They felt that intellectual and political freedom was involved in the liberty and life of Luther; and when they read the Pope's bull, denouncing the Reformer as a heretic, and calling on every loyal son of the Church to treat him accordingly, instead of seeking his arrest, they cast fierce glances on the missive, clutched the hilt of their swords, and silently but grimly swore that, though their Reformer's effigy had been burned in Rome, his person should be safe in Germany.

Hoping to check the progress of anti-Roman ideas by confounding Luther, Dr. Eck, a famous disputant, challenged him to a debate at Leipsic. The journey exposed the Reformer to the danger of falling into the power of his enemies. Still he went, accompanied by a body of armed students and nobles. Eck, though learned, eloquent, and wary, was worsted by the sturdy monk, whose part in the discussion led him into deeper conceptions of the headship of Christ over the Church than he had previously cherished.

Two years later, in the spring of 1521, Charles V. summoned our unconquerable Reformer to stand before the grandees and ecclesiastics of Germany in the diet about to assemble in the City of Worms, "to answer for himself before the world and the Church." His imperial majesty sent him a "safe conduct," but a similar protection had not saved Huss from the flames, and might not keep Luther from the stake to which the papal bull had doomed him. So his friends felt, and they begged him not to go to Worms. But, full of trust in God's power to preserve him, he grandly replied :

"If there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the housetops I would go thither."

In this fearless spirit he entered the city dreading nothing. God, he afterward said, had inspired him with daring. Multitudes of the people gazed on him with admiration. Citizens, knights, priests, and nobles called upon him at his hotel. When summoned to enter the diet the streets were so crowded that it was almost impossible to clear a passage for him. As he entered the hall of audience a brave old soldier touched his shoulder and said :

"Little monk, thou art marching to a battle such as neither I nor any other general ever fought. If thou art sure of having right on thy side, press on in the name of God and fear nothing. God will not forsake you."

No wonder the brave old general spoke thus, for the humble monk was being ushered into one of the most august of human assemblies. There were the emperor, six electors, an archduke, twenty-seven dukes, two landgraves, five margraves, besides counts,

archbishops, bishops, knights, priests, generals, deputies, and other dignitaries, filling the splendid hall of the Bishop's palace. But Luther, though dazzled for a moment, was conscious that the King of kings was at his side, and was, therefore, enabled to look at this magnificent assembly with an unquailing eye. He calmly acknowledged himself to be author of the writings condemned as heresies by the Pope. When asked to retract, on his second appearance before the diet, he made this sublime reply in calm but firm and enthusiastic tones:

"Unless I be convicted of error by the Scriptures, or by powerful reasons, neither can I, nor will I, dare to retract anything, for my conscience is bound to God's word, and it is neither safe nor right to be against conscience. Here I stand. I can do no otherwise. God help me!"

The diet was astonished, if not awed, by Luther's grand demeanor. The city was in an uproar. "Nine out of ten," wrote the papal nuncio, "are for Luther." The emperor ordered him to quit the city, not daring to violate his "safe conduct" through fear of his own personal safety. Nevertheless, when a number of Luther's friends had quitted the diet, the emperor signed an edict placing the unyielding Reformer under ban, and making it high treason to give him food, shelter, or support.

To save him from his most bitter enemies, and to prevent a religious war, Luther's friends now thought it prudent to withdraw him for a time beyond the reach of his foes. Therefore, on the day that his "safe conduct" expired, five knights seized his person while he was riding through the Thuringian

forest, and bore him with gentle force to a lonely castle named the Wartburg. There, in pure air, in quiet, supplied with books, attendance, and abundant physical comforts, and with liberty, after a few weeks, to walk in the adjacent forest, he spent ten months. It was here that he began his admirable translation of the Scriptures into his mother tongue, which, after much revision, was finally published in 1542. He also corresponded freely with his confidential friends. At first his admirers feared that his enemies had taken his life. Gradually, however, they learned that he was safe, and were comforted. As to the Reformation itself, its roots had taken such deep hold on the convictions of the people that it continued to grow, despite the disappearance of the man who had planted its seeds.

Luther, learning that in Wittenberg his old friend, Carlstadt, had become the fanatical leader of iconoclasts and mystics, quitted his hiding-place, in spite of the advice of his friends, and quickly brought most of the misguided fanatics to reason. But the outbreak of what is historically known as the "Peasants' War," which cost the lives of a hundred thousand men before it was suppressed, entailed prodigious labors on Luther. His enemies falsely charged this political movement to his religious teachings. He had to defend his opinions against these malicious charges, and to do his utmost, though with little effect, to induce the peasantry of the country to lay down their arms.

To his followers generally he said, "A Christian should endure a hundred deaths, rather than meddle in the slightest degree with the revolt of the peas-

ants." To the Elector he wrote in the same unequivocal tone, saying: "It causes me especial joy that these enthusiasts themselves boast to all who are willing to listen to them that they do not belong to us. The spirit moves them on, they say; and I reply, it is an evil spirit, for he bears no other fruit than the pillage of convents and churches; the greatest highway robbers upon earth might do as much." These emphatic words make it clear that neither Luther nor his intelligent followers felt any sympathy with that unhappy civil war which, though not wholly without causes arising from the oppression of the poor by the rich, was mainly instigated by that fanatical spirit which had taken possession of its injudicious leaders.

Luther's influence on the development of the Reformation culminated in 1530, at the celebrated Diet of Augsburg. Being a proscribed man, he could not be present in person, but from the lonely tower of Coburg, the nearest point of safety for him, his unshaken mind gave inspiration to the Protestant princes and divines. His burning letters kept up their courage by their strong words and lofty tone. With unsparing sharpness he rebuked his friend, Philip Melancthon, whose pusillanimity well-nigh led to concessions that would have been fatal to Protestantism, and his constant exhortations largely contributed to the adoption of a confession which, by uniting the Reformed princes, was a "victory of the Word of God and of faith." Its acceptance also placed Protestantism on a legal basis. After this grand event "Luther was dead, as a public man." The Reformation had largely become an affair of the

State, and its interests henceforth had to be guided, not by ecclesiastics only, but also by evangelical statesmen.

1525, when Luther was forty-two years old, having previously laid aside his monkish garments and become a secular priest, he had married a noble Saxon lady named Catharine Von Bora. This lady had formerly been a nun, and was poor. The marriage greatly excited the anger, even detestation, of the Romanists, and did not at first meet the approval of Luther's most timid friends. As in all public reforms so in our great Reformer's work, many of its sympathizers feared that he was going "too fast and too far." Their foolish fear found strong expression in the remark of a lawyer, named Schurff, who said before the marriage was solemnized, "If this monk should marry, he will make all the world and the devil himself burst with laughter, and will destroy the work that he has begun."

This idle prediction, instead of holding Luther back, only strengthened his purpose. If his marriage would give new offense to the enemies of the Reformation, it would, he thought, not hinder, but promote the growth of Protestantism. Hence to Schurff's protest he gleefully replied:

"Well then I will do it. I will play the devil and the world this trick; I will marry Catharine. I will bear witness to the Gospel, not by my words only, but also by my works."

He no doubt acted wisely in carrying out this decision. Trained as he had been in early life to believe in the celibacy of the priesthood, it cost him many mental struggles to replace that papistical and corrupting dogma with the divine declaration, "It

is not good that the man should be alone;" but when he did this, "He saw," says D'Aubigne, "that if he was called to the marriage state as a man, he was also called to it as a Reformer; this decided him." Nor did he ever regret it, or its influence on his work. His example made the marriage of its clergy a part of the Reformation, and thereby "restored the sanctity of the conjugal state" which had been shamefully corrupted by priestly celibacy.

Two years after his marriage his health began to yield beneath the weighty burdens and intense excitements which his mighty tasks had laid upon him. An attack of apoplexy prostrated him. He rallied after a few months, but never again recovered the fullness of his former strength. Consulted by many, and preaching often, his mind was still kept in too much activity for the well-being of his depleted physical powers. As early as 1530 he wrote: "I am overwhelmed with age and weakness; old, cold, half blind, yet I am not permitted to take repose. I am feeble, and can do nothing but pray 'Thy will be done.'"

There was, perhaps, some querulousness in these complaining words. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the strong man's last years were deeply shaded by disease. Yet he continued active to the last, and was on a visit to Eisleben, his native place, in 1546, on ecclesiastical business, when, on the morning of the 17th of February, he was stricken by the iron hand of Death. He grew weaker all day. At night he swooned. Vigorous treatment restored him to consciousness. The next morning Dr. Jonas asked him, "Reverend father, do you die firmly professing the faith you have taught."

Looking upon the friends who surrounded his bed, he replied with emphasis, "Yes," and then, closing his eyes, slept the sweet sleep of those who have fought the "good fight" unto victory. The great Reformer, Germany's greatest mind, was dead, but his work lives to-day and will live until the kingdoms of this world shall be subdued to the sway of the Lord's Christ.

The measure of Luther's mind is the work he accomplished. To loosen the yoke which Rome had placed on the neck of Germany and of Europe was a giant's task. That he achieved this marvelous deed, almost single-handed at first, demonstrates his right to a place in the foremost rank of the world's greatest intellects. He was, in truth, a wonderful man; a genius endowed with astonishing versatility; a master-spirit gifted with power to mold the opinions and guide the actions, not of the multitude alone, but also of scholars, thinkers, and statesmen. His eloquence was a torrent sweeping every thing before it. It was the passionate expression of convictions which possessed his inmost soul. Sometimes it was coarse and offensive to delicate, moral feeling; but it was relieved by occasional flashes of humor, and none could reasonably doubt its sincerity. But neither intellectual strength, nor eloquence, nor personal power, was his greatest weapon, but his FAITH. Faith in God's word gave him the purity which characterized his life, the energy which made him irresistible, the firmness which kept him resolute in face of the power of Rome, the perserverence by which he pressed on from the nailing of his theses to the gate of his church to the final triumph of the Reformation at the Diet of Augsburg.

CHAPTER III.

My first Curacy—The old Priest's revelations—Celibacy of Priests—A Protestant Minister and his Wife—A quotation from Luther.

I had completed the ordinary course of study in the seminary, and was presented for ordination to the priesthood with many other young men. I can truly say that the day in which I bade farewell to the world and to all that was human, to consecrate myself to the service of God, I experienced a rapture above all description. And yet in the perpetual alternation of human things, this joyful feeling ought to have been a warning to me of the future pangs that awaited me.

On leaving the seminary,* I was sent as a curate to a beautiful city, celebrated in my native province for its fair society and good manners. Hitherto I had had intercourse only with my coarse fellows of the college and seminary, who are as unpolished as ever, and very far behind the clergy of the old school. The cause of this change is clear enough; formerly the clergy was composed of the sons of the highest families, now of the ignorant peasants, because few others are desirous of entering the ranks of the priesthood.

Consequently, after such an education, I brought into the world my blunders, awkwardness, and ignorance of the human heart, and of my own above all;

* If I do not speak of the moral disorders of the seminary, it is because I saw none in mine, save the study of a dirty Theology. I will explain, in the chapter on the corruption of the clergy, the apparent contradiction between these two assertions.

my candor, and a great need of clinging to and loving somebody. Hitherto this need had been concentrated, in a superstitious manner, in God. This object was to be changed. An attentive observer could have easily foretold the sufferings which awaited me. Nothing previous to this time had warned me of this natural disposition, implanted by the Creator in every living creature. I had never suspected that the step I had just taken was so directly against the author of nature. Marriage on the contrary, had always been spoken of in the seminary as a weakness, from which the true saints in every situation must abstain, and which it is a horrible crime for a priest ever to think of. I had never thought, of course, how irrational it was to promise that which is beyond the power of man to perform, and which he is in continual danger of violating. I had never reflected that this impious vow of celibacy, instead of turning me into an angel as I intended, would well nigh turn me into a demon.

A conversation which took place between an old priest and myself, was an alarming announcement of my future condition. He avowed to me frankly that he had not kept his vows of celibacy more than three or four years, because he had found celibacy an "absurd and immoral institution." He asked me if I was not already tired of the same vows. I answered in the negative in great simplicity and astonishment. "Did you not think sometimes," added he, "of marriage since your promotion to the priesthood?" "Never," answered I; "it would be a monstrosity to a priest." "But," replied he, "do you not think sometimes that 'it is not good for man to be alone,'

and that your vows are against nature?" "Never; such a thought never entered my mind."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-five years, nearly."

"Hum, hum; wait yet some years, some months perhaps, and you will tell me what has become of your religious enthusiasm, of your joy, and of your vow. Like others, you will put nature above falsehoods and lies, and you will trample your foolish promise under your feet. But not yet; you are too young; the power of the instructions of your teachers is yet too strong, too vivid on your mind; you submit yourself to the yoke; but by and by, nature, indeed, will assume her rights."

"What do you mean, sir? Explain yourself; for if it is so, why in the seminary did nobody warn me? Why did they not instruct me upon the gravity of such an obligation? It was but justice to enlighten my ignorance?" The old man came near me, seized my arm, and whispered in my ear with an air of great mystery—"If the superiors of the seminary were frank enough to tell young men the truth, there would not be a single priest except those who desire to make use of the veil of religion to indulge their passions!" and, as if afraid of his confidence, he withdrew in great haste.

Such revelations were, however, somewhat useful to me. They increased my diffidence of my own strength. I sought in God what I wanted in myself. I became if possible, more pious, more mystical, more superstitious. My prayers, and particularly those to the blessed Virgin, became longer; my privations and mortifications harder; a hundred times a day I

besought God to take my life rather than permit me to be unfaithful. But all my prayers proved unavailing ; because, doubtless, God does not listen to prayers which are against his will and laws.

My life rolled away amidst the usual occupations of a Roman Catholic priest, filled by the exercises of my ministry, the administration of the sacraments, prayers, discourses, &c. and by and by marked by some particular events, which will be related hereafter. During this time, more than once, when I pronounced the words of marriage over young people, the feeling of my own loneliness was brought to my mind with a kind of envy of their presumed happiness. More than once, in the confessional, when a young lady revealed her conscience to me, her spiritual father of twenty-six years of age, I indulged in this forbidden idea, that she would have made me happy had she been my wife ! But all those and such other ideas were momentary. I drove them away like temptations. I said to myself—"Remember, thou art no more a man ; thou art dead to this life ; women are thy greatest enemies." And I, indeed, clung more closely to the altar, to my breviary, and I wrapped myself in my cassock as in a sheet.

However, those strange thoughts were renewed stronger and stronger as days passed ; the more I endeavored to crush human nature the more it rebelled. Everything in the world recalled to me the great law of marriage, and my heart more than all. Sometimes while reading the holy Scriptures, I involuntarily found myself dwelling upon the picture of the happiness of our first parents in paradise, upon their tender love, and upon the kindness of God

who created them for each other. To those words of the Lord, "it is not good for man to be alone," I thought my heart answered, "true, it is not good, I begin to feel it: why, then, am I alone?" One evening I was lost in such musing, and I went so far as to ask myself, "Why does man contradict the very institution of his Creator?" But I became quite troubled at my impious questions, and I answered "our mother, the Roman Catholic Church, was infallible; and that inspired by the Holy Ghost, she had decided on the celibacy of priests."

My reflections, though smothered under a thousand prejudices, were renewed in spite of all my endeavors, by observing the life of a married minister of the English Church. He was the curate of a few Protestant families scattered in and around our town. He was an able and amiable man, but through the fanaticism of my fellow-priests and myself, he was despised among the Roman Catholic population, and pointed out as a heretic and propagator of error. In the beginning I scorned him heartily; for this opinion is enjoined upon us in the seminary, that among all Protestant ministers there is not one honest and true man, not one who does not know the falsehood of his religion and the truth of the Roman Catholic Church. Accordingly I could not look at him without feeling an involuntary uneasiness.

I had become acquainted with him by chance in a Protestant family into which I went to visit a Roman Catholic servant who was sick. After I had fulfilled my ecclesiastical functions, the mistress said to me, "Sir, if you do not greatly fear the Protestants,

there is a gentleman and his wife here who will be glad to see you." In hope of finding some way of converting them I made their acquaintance, and was very much pleased. My prejudices gave way for want of any foundation. Gradually we became attached to each other: but for fear of my fellow-priests and of public opinion, which would have soon tarnished my character, I did not see them often. Every time I met them I never failed to say to myself, in a true feeling of compassion, "Is it not unfortunate that so amiable a couple should be in heresy, and lost in the next world?" From the very beginning of our acquaintance I had an ardent desire of converting them; but two reasons prevented me from the attempt. The first was this: "He knows well the falsity of his tenets, and it is useless to speak to him about them." The second reason was, "The consciousness of my own ignorance of Protestantism;" for I had studied it very slightly, while he appeared to be a learned scholar: I was too fond of the glory of my religion, to cast a shame upon her by my defeat. His young wife was beautiful, and they loved each other tenderly. They seemed so happy, notwithstanding their distance from their country and family, that I almost envied their felicity from the bottom of my heart. I compared his fate with mine—his religion, which allowed him the society of a wife, with my church, which prevents it as the greatest crime in a priest.

One evening I went secretly to take tea with them; I say secretly, for had my bishop been aware of it, he would have reprov'd me severely, perhaps interdicted me, for he detested Protestants. They show-

ed me greater kindness than usual, which caused me to think that they both pitied my sad situation. In the midst of a gay conversation, the husband said to me, "We have never spoken about religious matters, although we teach quite contrary in many things."—"True, sir," answered I blushing; "more than once I have had a mind to enter upon this matter, but I know that religious discussions are too often useless, or serve but to exasperate persons against each other. You have your opinion and I have mine; we probably could not change each other; at all events," added I as a warning to him, "I think that God will not condemn a man who is in an involuntary error." Hereupon he smiled, and replied: "Take care, sir, you have just set aside a great maxim of your church, 'out of the pale of the Church no salvation.' But no matter; will you give me leave to say to you, with the frankness of your countrymen, what I often think of you?" "Willingly," replied I, laughing. "Here it is then," said he. "I think it is a great pity that you should be a Roman Catholic priest; you are not fit for that situation at all, it is easy to see that you do violence to yourself, to your temper and to nature." "Sir," answered I, "with the same liberty, it is precisely the opinion I have of you. Every day I lament that you should be a Protestant minister instead of being a Roman Catholic priest." Hereupon, he, his wife and myself could not refrain from laughing very heartily and friendly together.

"Between ourselves," continued he, his wife being gone out, "what do you think of the celibacy of your religion? As for me, had I nothing else against

it, that alone would prevent me for ever from being reconciled to it. Is it not against nature? Do you think that your fellow-priests keep their vows? I speak not of you, and it is precisely for this reason that you are able to answer me without reserve." I understood too well his question to give any answer which would have been either against my religion or against truth. "Listen," said he, as I remained silent, "here is a beautiful page of an author, whose name I will not now tell you lest it should influence your mind." He translated this passage which I have since found in the *Life of Luther*.

"It is almost as impossible to dispense with female society as it is to live without eating or drinking. The image of marriage is found in all creatures—not only in the animals of earth, the air, and the water, but also in trees and stones. Every one knows there are trees, such as the apple and pear tree, which are like husband and wife, and which prosper better when planted together. Among stones the same thing may be remarked, especially in precious stones—the coral, the emerald, and others. The heaven is husband to the earth, he vivifies her by the heat of the sun, by the rain and the wind, and causes her to bear all sorts of plants and fruits."

"This is a new thought to me," said I, prepossessed and musing; "it is truly beautiful if not true, whoever the author may be." "He is a man horribly slandered by your church, represented as a monster of corruption; it is Luther. I never understood that passage better than now; here I am one thousand miles away from my native country, family, and acquaintances (he was an Englishman,) but my wife

supplies the place of all, especially here where the Roman Catholics are so bitter against us, where I am despised and persecuted sometimes, owing to reasons which you know. If I were alone as you are, I should not be able, perhaps, to bear with my situation; but in spite of my persecutions and my exile, I am sure I am happier than you, for I guess what you suffer in your loneliness. You answer not; perhaps I grieve you, I will not speak of it any more. But I must thank you for having put aside the prejudices of your caste against me, and for not having looked upon me quite as a man entirely out of the pale of the truth."

CHAPTER IV.

Falling in love with one of my penitents—My exertions to smother this love—I try to give up her confession as—My own confessor forbids it.

When I left this minister, his words, his reflections, the view of his happiness, and the passage of Luther, remained deeply engraved in my mind, and contributed to increase my uneasiness. However, I gave myself entirely to the functions of my ministry. In a small town, among idle people as they are commonly in the cities of France, my punctuality and zeal were remarked. My sermons, sparkling with my ardent love of God, my enthusiasm in preaching, gained for me the reputation of a preacher; for the more a priest is thundering in the pulpit, the more he is applauded, the more popular he is.

An assiduous reading of pious books, and of the

holy Bible was of great use to me in confession, and gave me the reputation of an able confessor. Soon, notwithstanding, or I ought rather to say, because of my youth, I became "à la mode"—all the fashion—among devotees. In France there is a "mode" or fashion for everything, for confessors as well as for coats or hats. My downcast eyes, my timidity and piety in saying mass, obtained for me the reputation of a pious priest. Consequently many people came to hear my sermons, applied to me for my advice in confession or my prayers in the mass. I was well nigh believing myself a powerful saint, a heavenly being. Alas! alas! I was to be recalled from this height, to which my pride had raised me, to my native earth.

My heart, in spite of my pretended holiness, was like a mountain covered with enormous heaps of snow, where a single breath is often sufficient to bring down the terrible avalanche.

■ One day a young lady came to the vestry and asked me if I would hear her confession. I complied with her request. I confessed her often, for she was pious, and received the Communion at least twice a week. She told me the reason why she had changed her former confessor—a reason which it is not necessary here to tell. In the intimate relation of confessor and penitent, in those repeated conversations in which a young female of nineteen opens her heart every week, in every matter, and her most secret thoughts, to a young man of twenty-seven who feels and laments his loneliness, it was not difficult to foresee what would naturally happen. She spoke to me so openly, so candidly; her confession displayed so

fair a character, such artlessness, so much innocence; that by and by, without any intention or reflection, but by a natural course of things, my heart was caught, and I fell in love with her. I took heed not to give her the least hint of it, because it was worse than useless, since I was prevented from being married by my celibacy, by ecclesiastical rules, and also by the laws of the state. I thought not an instant of abusing my ministry on her account, which, however, would have been the easiest thing in the world. It remained then for me but to smother this involuntary love. At first I tried to believe it only the effect of my imagination. But vain illusion. The more I endeavored to trample down this feeling, the more I strengthened it, and it increased every day. My virtue, indeed, could prevent me from giving my consent, but it could not prevent me from suffering its effects—the mental agony of the conflict. Ere long I saw the inutility of my exertions against it, and I thought I could not do better than to resign myself to the will of God, in the hope that he would, doubtless, help me in my struggles, since I fought for his glory, his church, and my state of celibacy.

My first thought, of course, was to remove the danger by refusing any longer to confess her—by giving up the direction of her soul, so perilous was it to mine own.* In the next confession I wished to

* My only aim is to show in my history the immorality of the Roman Catholic Church in requiring celibacy from her priests, and at the same time establishing so many intimate relations between them and the female sex. If I wrote all that I have felt during this most unhappy time, I should have matter enough for an immense book; nor need I make any excursions into the fields of imagination; for, as has been said already, "there is more romance in real life than in imaginary." Among all the productions of literature, in which the authors search every where for new subjects for striking imagination, by a hor-

sound her on this subject, alleging for that purpose some Jesuitical reason; for my superiors had taught me never to be at a loss for pretexts. She answered me—"Father, I gave you my whole confidence. I opened to you my heart, I unveiled to you my most secret thoughts with as much candor as if I were but ten years old, that you might direct me better. You know me as well as I know myself. I do not ask the reasons why you propose to me to exchange you for another. But if you deny me your ministry, I must renounce confession altogether; for you know yourself why I left my former confessor, and you will not oblige me to go back to him."

I could not tell her the true reason for my conduct, for my sake and for her own. On the other hand I was very superstitious, believing heartily that confession was necessary to the salvation of the soul. Could I then, with my ideas of confession, consent to the loss of her soul? I remembered that a true priest ought ever to sacrifice himself for the sake of others, and consequently the design of sending her to another seemed a horrible temptation of the devil. However, in a matter of so great importance I hesitated to direct myself; and as in the seminary I had been told a hundred times that our confessor ought to rule all our business, I went to him, as to my father and the representative of God; for I practiced what I taught others—that the confessor is the vice-

rible and fantastical assemblage of crimes caused by love, it has been a matter of wonder to me that writers, who are far from being restrained by religious scruples, have not made the love of priests to figure in their compositions. But to understand truly what is the love of a priest, who, faithful to his vows, smothered it in his bosom without giving it any utterance, it is necessary to have confessed for years the object of his affection, and to have lived in this relation without ever revealing his passion to her.

regent of God. He listened to my singular declaration, and to my purpose of renouncing her confession if he thought best. He laughed at me; and notwithstanding all my explanations, he could not, or would not, understand me; and at length told me that my love for her was far from being a reason for depriving her of my ministry.

There then remained no doubt in my own mind, and I thought that God himself had ordered it so. But to diminish the danger I resolved to avoid any intercourse with her, except in the confessional; and henceforth I ceased to pay any visit to the family for fear of seeing her and increasing my fatal attachment. Her family, astonished at my absence, and especially her mother, asked me why I had deserted their house, or if they had offended me? Thanks to my Jesuitical training I avoided the question; and thus I, who would have found my joy, my happiness in this house, banished myself from the family where all the desires of my heart carried me.

In speaking of what I suffered in repressing my feelings, I shall be scarcely, if at all, understood by men who live openly and honorably—who act unreservedly—who obey the just dictates of nature, instead of having to despise and trample upon them; by men the lake of whose emotions is always drained, because they do not subvert the sacred institutions of their Creator. These men know not with what violence this sea of human passion ferments when every lawful issue is denied it; how it increases, swells, and overflows, bursting the heart, till it has torn away its bounds and dug for itself a channel.



THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

We give thanks to God for his goodness as manifested in the interest Christian people have taken in our little monthly. A great many who received the first number showed it to their friends and induced them to subscribe for it. They have thus become co-workers with us in our efforts to enlighten and convert our Roman Catholic brethren. May God bless them!

And we ask it as a special favor, that ALL who received the first number will not only subscribe for it themselves, but also urge their friends to do so. It is only by such co-operation that it can be made a success. From many a Christian home a prayer goes up to the Throne of Grace for the conversion of Roman Catholics. It is only by the power of God that they can be converted; but God uses human instrumentalities in carrying the Gospel of Salvation to the souls of men; and in His great mercy He has enabled us, who have been Roman Catholic priests, to reach with His Gospel our brethren who are still in the darkness of Popery. Our hearts burn with zeal to save them, for we know by sad experience how they are cheated and defrauded of the precious fruits of our Saviour's Life and Death.

In this publication we shall endeavor to make the way of salvation clear to them. They think they have the right way now, whenever they give the subject any thought. But the truth is, they know nothing about it. They leave it altogether in the hands of the priests. A Roman Catholic will entrust his legal affairs to a lawyer whom he knows to be an honorable man; he will have as medical adviser none but a physician of ability and good repute; but the dearest and holiest interests of his immortal soul he will blindly surrender to any kind of a man who says he was ordained a priest.

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DEAR FRIENDS: Will you not get us all the subscribers you can? The CONVERTED CATHOLIC has a field peculiarly its own. It is yet too soon to speak of its merits, though we have heard and read much in its praise; but we have greater hopes of its future, and shall work hard to make it instructive and interesting.

We shall oppose the Roman Catholic Church as the great Apostacy foretold in 1 Tim., iv. 1-4: and "taking the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," shall fight for the deliverance of the people from the fatal power that Church exercises over them, following the counsel of the Apostle: "If thou put the brethren in remembrance of these things, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ."

Those who now stand between the people and the light of God—the Pope, Bishops, Priests and Editors of Roman papers—will not thank our friends for their efforts in our behalf, if we may judge by this paragraph in a Roman Catholic paper in Brooklyn.

"Hatred of the Roman Catholic Church sometimes leads respectable Protestant ministers and their people to do that which is not at all creditable to them as advocates of good morals. An example of this is the willingness with which some of them support the deluded individuals who are the heads of the Reformed Catholic churches. Did they pause to consider they would probably see that affiliation with these and sustaining their paper can add nothing to the dignity of themselves or the denomination that they represent."

It is not hatred but love that Christian ministers preach and their people practice, and they extend the hand of kindness and fellowship to us because they are witnesses that we preach the Gospel of peace and love to our Catholic brethren, and are successful in winning them over to Christ from the "Man of Sin."

God has given us a special field to work in. Stand not idly by, Christian friends, but "come over and help us."

JAMES F. McNAMEE,

Pastor Reformed Catholic Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

STEPHEN DEKINS,

Pastor Reformed Catholic Church, Newark, N. J.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR,

Pastor Reformed Catholic Church, New York.

Address,

60 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK.

